

Daily Eagle

H. M. NURDOCK, Editor.

A Matter of Climate.

There is more lying about climate than about any other single mundane thing. But the conditional facts are such at times as to render prevarication impracticable and unprofitable. The country at large has for years been esteeming Denver, Colorado, as a desirable winter resort. The only foundation for such an impression is to be found in persistent lying. Denver is located on an open, wind-swept plain five thousand feet above sea level, latitude 39, or on a line with southern Nebraska, and in sight of and under the continual influence of almost eternal snows, and as a winter resort is not in the same class with Sitka, Alaska. No one knows the meaning of blizzard but has not experienced the Denver variety. Mountain-foot blizzards such as Denver is subject to are indescribable. Yesterday morning's dispatches from that city attempted the shifting of the responsibility of the prevailing storms of this winter to the topography of interior Colorado, not incidental to Denver but to the regions of the interior of that state. Of course the topography of a country has to do with a country's climate, and so does its geography. And that is just the trouble with Denver as a winter resort. It is too high and too far north, as the thermometer and blockaded roads prove, for the successful culture of bananas. Kansas City, Missouri, papers have been guilty of a good deal of the same kind of "winter resort" misrepresentations. The thermometer yesterday morning stood at 29 below zero at Kansas City, lacking but a few degrees of being cold enough to freeze up the mouth of traditional ladies. A careful study of the records of existing climatic conditions will soon convince any unbiased mind that Wichita is about as far north as it is safe to go for a congenial winter resort.

Call Egan as a Witness.

Egan having, under the rulings of a punctilious profession, been found guilty of being innocent, and having been disgraced by an ostentatious court for refusing to call a spade an agricultural instrument, General Nelson A. Miles, who brought all the trouble on, forcing not only the court-martial but the "commission on the conduct of the war" as well, by his untimely talk, is to have a court of inquiry for his own benefit. Of course the members of this court of inquiry are his subordinates, an advantage that can hardly be overlooked, still the American people will endorse the president's action of convening the court with a very broad smile of approval. The only trouble with this court is it may fail of sufficient reach. Witnesses before it cannot be compelled to testify, if civilians, while army officers may prove backward in offending their superior and head. At any rate we will know all about the beef, whether it was embalmed or not.

What Royal Sport Is Like.

A real live American sportsman would find no satisfaction in what are termed kingly sports. Animals and birds confined to reserves, with no chance of escape would afford the man who has followed game in the illimitable fastnesses neither pastime nor excitement. The deer of European preserves are not wilder than Texas cattle, nor harder to shoot. The pheasants are as tame as guinea hens. As for bear hunting, think of penning the animals up and feeding them before turning them loose for royalty to shoot at. The German papers say that Emperor William is a great shot not withstanding his left arm is useless for handling a gun. That he could kill a black-tailed deer or an elk in the Rocky mountains in six months' effort is doubtful. We have just been reading an account of Wilhelm's latest bear and deer hunt at Springs. He laid low with his own hands ninety-two bears and seven deer out of the four hundred and six bears and seventy-eight deer killed. The annual preparations for this hunt make the life of the foresters unenviable for some time preceding the emperor's arrival. The bears have to be driven into three different yards, according to their size. The largest ones have the honor of passing before the emperor's station when let out of their enclosure. Others run the gauntlet before princes and the rest are the prey of other guests.

Where a Crank Turns Tramp.

The tramp is but a crank. That is, a tramp is not being a normal citizen, is, therefore, a crank. But the cranks of the world are not all tramps. There is no sphere from the king on his throne to the hobo of hand-outs without its cranks. The crank may be either eminent or insignificant. Two somewhat eminent cranks who have been playing the role of the tramp are furnishing the world with the sum of their experiences and conclusions. Professor Walter A. Wycoff and Josiah Philmore two educated, well bred men who have become tramps for the purpose of getting close to the life of the lowest class of society. Prof. Wycoff worked spasmodically, but Philmore was a true hobo and never worked. Both enjoyed themselves immensely wandering about with absolutely no responsibility. Both have written much about their experiences. Prof. Wycoff began his experiment with the assumption that in order to know how the workers live one must become a worker; to realize the trials of a man seeking for work one must seek for work, not in an amateur fashion, but with the goal of a sharp hunger, of the most repulsive associations, of cold and misery as the penalty of not finding it. He resolved to cut loose for a time from all help, to put himself on a footing with any other unskilled laborer, to cross the continent trusting for support wholly to such work as he may find upon the way. That he carried his project through argues no small amount of dogged determination, for to cut loose for a whole year and a half from all the refinements of life from the society of men and women of education, is of itself a terrible hardship to a man such as he. When one adds that Prof. Wycoff lived for weeks at a time the life of a common tramp, eating such crusts as tramps are likely to pick up, sleeping in station houses with the scum of large cities, often going to bed hungry because it was a choice between a supper and a bed, the wonder is that he carried the experiment on for days, to say nothing of months and years.

The Men Who Make Good Husbands.

An authority on mankind has given his views on the sort of men that make the best husbands. Among the really nice ones he classes the man who is fond of fishing, the lawyer and all around journalist. He does not enthuse over the popular doctor as a husband, and a musical genius or a man of letters gives him cold chills and shudders. The author, he says, is so fond of his fine sentences that he is disagreeable when the baby cries and makes himself generally odious about his food, the noise of the children and any domestic infelicities that may come along. The musician cares for little except his art, and the wife is often secondary to the claims of the prima donna or the sympathetic creature whose soul is as full of melody as his own. All in all, the good journalist seems to have the most good points. He is a bit of a philosopher, is likely to be practical, makes the best of what can not be helped, and is full of alterna-

tives. The lawyer is good to have in the house. He is likely to be alert, a good judge of human nature, a good talker, and quite as fond of listening to others as of hearing the sound of his own voice. He studies human nature at home as well as abroad, and is altogether a good fellow. The politician is a diplomat, and while he sometimes leaves all of his diplomacy outside of his front door, this is not always the case. The bachelor comes in for a scolding. He is said to make the worst kind of a husband, while the widower is the best.

More German Hostility.

The United States has many causes for complaint against Germany. That country displayed unusual and irritating friendship for Spain during the siege of Manila. The German admiral and his officers delighted in waspish annoyances of the Americans and on several occasions only the cool head and sober sense of Dewey prevented an armed collision.

At the very beginning of the trouble with the Philippines it is charged that the Germans have been supplying them with arms and ammunition, that German officers have been instructing them in the art of war, that they have received great encouragement from these enemies of the United States.

This is a serious charge and one which will undoubtedly be investigated. The United States is patient and long suffering, but the Germans mistake the temper of the American people if they imagine that they will endure acts of enmity and hostility indefinitely. Sooner or later there must be an explanation between the United States and Germany.

What a Philippine House Is Like.

According to Professor Dean C. Webster the houses in the Philippines rest on four or more heavy timbers which are firmly set in the ground. The floor is raised some five or ten feet from the ground. The frame is of bamboo tied together with rattan, and nails are not used. The sides and roof are usually of palm, and the former may be made by splitting green bamboo, binding the halves flat and then sewing them together. If palms are scarce the roof may be thatched with long grass. The floor is usually made of bamboo strips with the convex side up. They are tied firmly in place and in such a way that wide cracks are left between them. The houses are entered by ladders; in some cases there is only one room, and the cooking is done over an open fire built on a heap of earth in one corner, and as the opening for the exit of the smoke is inadequate, the room is some times rendered almost uninhabitable. In the better classes of dwellings the house is divided into several rooms and there is a place partitioned off for cooking.

Kruger and Peppermint.

The republic of the Transvaal is unique if not interesting, and yet it doesn't exactly lack in interest. They do everything their own way over in that tail-end of the Dark Continent, and they do it pretty thoroughly, as Jamison and Rhodes long since learned. They pattern after nobody in anything. The Transvaal desiring money to meet its government expenses imposes a tariff; we call it protection in America. The duty on peppermint is 30 shillings per hundredweight. President Kruger eats peppermint during the sittings of the executive council, and recently, having sent out for a shilling's worth, became indignant at the small quantity his messenger brought back. He exhibited his chemist to the council and demanded their sympathy. A chemist has written to a Johannesburg newspaper saying that if Kruger would take off this heavy duty he would get more peppermint for his shilling.

Not Going to Pay for It.

The United States refuses to pay for the damages caused to the Philippine cable which Admiral Dewey cut shortly after the battle of Manila. The cable was cut on the enemy's territory, and the United States was in no sense liable for whatever military disposition was made of the shore end. It is not claimed that Admiral Dewey interfered with the cable outside the three-mile limit and, therefore, the attorney general of the United States concludes there is no liability on the part of this country. It will be remembered that Admiral Dewey after the battle of Manila offered to leave the cable intact if the Spaniards would permit him to communicate with Washington over it. This they refused to do, and next day he dragged for the cable, grappled it and cut it.

A Plutogogue With a Heart.

Herr Krupp, the gun king of Essen, has just made another gift of 500 marks to the pension fund of his workmen, thus raising it to 1,500,000 marks (\$363,750). To be employed at the Krupp works is the highest goal of a German workman, for he is then not alone well treated and well paid—no such thing as a strike ever having threatened the works—but he is well provided for all his life. Krupp employs altogether, including the new shipyards he has started in Kiel, some 22,000 men. His accumulated fortune, including, of course, that of his father and grandfather before him, is estimated at about 150,000,000 marks (\$36,375,000), and for his workmen and higher employees he has, besides, spent about 20,000,000 marks. He pays the largest income tax of any man in Germany—about 1,750,000 marks a year.

There were only 200 of the insurgents armed with bows and arrows, but the anti-kempis will write histories proving that the whole of Aguinaldo's army had nothing in the way of weapons but broomsticks.

The senators are after the man who plans the federal buildings scattered over the country. He is suffering from architectural delirium, and the senate should run him out of office.

The leaders of congress are warning that body against excessive and needless appropriations. The Fast Mail subsidy would be a good thing for congress to spot in this connection.

If congress has any gumption whatever it will rustle around and provide for the construction of the Nicaragua canal. That America must have, no matter what the expense.

Cleveland believes that America is rushing into yawning disaster. McKinley thinks the nation is throwing itself into the soft arms of an amorous destiny. And there you are.

The Mormons are fighting among themselves out in Utah. The United States is not interested in the fight. All we demand is that Utah reduce its number of wives by a few.

Bishop Williams of Connecticut has been buried in a pine coffin, at his request. Yet the pomp around death is a good thing and never will be relegated.

The Nebraska legislature has declared that McKinley is the greatest president since Lincoln. This will meet objection in the Grant neighborhood.

We may be in this war far years. If some one civilized nation is inspiring Aguinaldo's antagonism, we will have somebody to whip.

Carnegie is still of the opinion that this nation will not keep what it has taken. Carnegie is woefully mistaken.

It is not all "white man's burden." There is a double, acting appetite to grab land behind it all.

A court of inquiry will inquire into the army beef. The court is not expected to eat the beef.

General Miles may be court-martialed yet. Either the beef is embroiled or Miles is a liar.

The investigation having been completed, it should end for all time. But it will not.

We might as well land at Roffo and on Aguinaldo again.

In The Beginning.

It was the Pentlands' first dinner under their own roof-tree. As city editor and society chronicler of the Lone Star, the Pentlands had met and married and continued to work side by side until their joint earnings enabled them to build this pretty Queen Anne cottage; and to the house-warming their publisher their Christmas eve friends tried and true. Elizabeth Pentland's ambition was achieved; she possessed a home.

"How like a story," said Mrs. Wetherell, "one of those good old-fashioned, wholesome love stories I am so hungry to read. By the way, can anybody tell us what has become of the old-fashioned love story?"

"Notwithstanding the speed and spirit of the times," said Return Betram, a sculptor, who had outlived his contemporaries, consequently his fame, "material for Jane Austen stories is not wanting in our own days."

"Betram has a story he is burning to tell," cried the city editor. "Mrs. Wetherell has given him the cue. I want a choice public is about to be supplied with a revised, annotated, up-to-date edition of Jane Austen."

"Imagine Jane Austen of the Latin Quarter," smiled Mrs. Pentland, with an encouraging nod.

"For once the clever Mrs. Pentland is in error," said the sculptor, settling in his chair with the ease of a reconqueror sure of one telling arrow in his quiver. "Nothing could be more remote from the Latin Quarter than this story which the drift of the conversation makes so timely. To be candid, my chief purpose in accepting Mrs. Pentland's hospitality was to recount Hillhouse's romance."

"He was my best friend," continued Betram, entering the table with a second significant twinkle. "I may say a life-long friend. About a year ago Hillhouse was called to Harrington to work on the republican statue of which you may have heard."

"One of his studio windows looked almost imperceptibly into a hall room of the most imposing house in the row. To Hillhouse's surprise his mirror one day reflected its occupant, who riveted his attention with a fascination almost as irresistible as that which wrought the ruin of Psyche. Betram paused. The interest in the auditors' eyes urged him on.

"I know not whether it was the style of her dress—the white mull fichu closed down the front to the knees—the white hair net she wore to the hem of her voluminous dark skirt, or the outline of the coiffure, so like the mode prevalent when Hillhouse was the Beau Brummel of his world—the attraction of his attention; but the sculptor soon found himself modeling her delicate profile. Hillhouse, it goes without saying, was a bachelor, in whom the wine of youth was scarcely less ready at 50 than in the flush of youth."

"A street fader had evidently inveigled her into buying a mechanical toy, such as abound in the streets of our large cities during the holiday season. For into twilight this stately autumnal flower sat playing with the trivial thing, and the footprints of time, markedly vanished from her face, were almost repeatedly pulled the string and the grotesque wooden monkey, with its multicolored jacket, slid up and down the yellow pole. Suddenly there was a rattle in the lute. The toy mechanism was shattered, the dancer, dire, distressed, beclouded her face. Not a shadow escaped Hillhouse. In a jiffy he had seized his hat and was knocking at her door."

"I have observed from my window—I am your neighbor," he exclaimed, locating his eerie dot across the way—that you have met with an accident. I am a mechanical man, and I am a mechanic. I thought I might be of service."

"Some days elapsed before Hillhouse had the courage to knock a second time at his neighbor's door. In the interval he had learned a little of her history. It was not without a purpose that he scanned the bookcase until his eyes lighted on a strangely familiar volume."

"Miss Betram," he said, "an admirer of Lucille," remarked Hillhouse. "It belongs to the past."

"Then it has not been opened for some time?"

"Miss Foxglove's gray eyes turned within."

"A quarter of a century," she said. "He took the volume from the shelf, and with strange, glowing intensity he looked at it again until Hillhouse opened it and bade her read the lines which embodied his proposal. Not having heard from her, he went away in a moment of pique and never returned."

Betram's glowing eyes took in the guests who had followed his story with the bating old friendship admits. "Tomorrow at high noon," said he, "the Rev. Beaufort will await you at the Red Brick Church, and after the ceremony Lavina and I will be at home at the studio—its lute, you know, is always out—where we hope to dispense Christmas cheer throughout the year."

"The church," cried the city editor. "You said the church was Hillhouse."

"And so it is," smiled the sculptor. "Return Hillhouse Betram."—Exchange.

Ex-Senator Evans and Senator Stewart.

(From the Chicago Record.)

Ex-Senator Evans hit off Mr. Stewart's peculiarities in a little story that he told before a dinner given in honor of Senator Spooner when the latter was leaving public life six years ago. After the coffee was served one after another of his colleagues arose and pronounced a eulogy.

When Mr. Stewart's turn came he said that while Spooner was a good fellow, he was all wrong on finance, and proceeded to repeat the old speech he had made so many times in the senate.

Senator Evans, who next took the floor, said that Stewart reminded him of a man he had met in an insane asylum one time while he was using as a model of a board of visitors. The superintendent told them that they must say cheerful things to the patients and therefore when he saw a inmate sitting astride of a table leaning it with a whip and pretending to drive it with a pair of string lines he winked up to him and said: "That's a fine hobby you have there, my friend."

"It isn't a hobby," answered the inmate. "It's a horse."

"What's the difference between a horse and a hobby?" suggested Mr. Evans. The inmate turned to him with an air of supreme contempt, and remarked: "You blank fool, anybody can get off a horse, but nobody ever got off a hobby."

From His Point of View.

(From Spare Moments.)

An old lady of Edinburgh employed a gardener to cut the grass in front of her house. She gave him strict injunctions to cut short, remarking:

"An inch at the bottom is worth two at the top."

Having finished his work to her satisfaction, he was asked into the house. After paying him she offered him half a glass of whisky.

He eyed the quantity in the glass and exclaimed:

"Fill it up, mem; it's no like the grass, ye see; an' at the top is worth twa at the bottom."

Outlines of Oklahoma.

The free homes convention meets at Guthrie one week from today.

George Masters of Perry is snow-bound in the Rockies and can't get home.

Most of the divorcees filed in Oklahoma come two years after the marriage.

The Choctaw nation coal is said to be the best mined west of the Alleghenies. The eggs that Rosenbaum had splashed against the person of Colonel Stiles are up again.

W. B. Loomis of Meadville, Missouri, is talking of building and operating a creamery at Perry.

Mr. Hadley has introduced a bill compelling railroads in Oklahoma to fence their rights of way.

Pieces of the scaffold on which Milligan was hanged at Oklahoma City are still preserved as souvenirs.

Tom Reid has been over to El Reno the last week explaining the intricacies of the whole business to the boys.

The female suffrage bureau seems to have been caught in adverse winds and blown flat. Which is a good thing.

It is said that every member of the present legislature carries a railroad pass. Which is following an old custom.

The Oklahoma City office has a stamp-canceling machine. Senator Murphy stands next to the government. That is plain.

The chances are that Governor Barnes will await the Havana bill with a veto. That seems to be the general impression.

The Hardesty Herald speaks Dennis Flynn and Judge Burford for United States senators. But they are both from the same town.

John Hall, a traveling man of Oklahoma City, was hanged on the streets of Westford the other night, and robbed of small change.

Biddison, who has cut such a prominent figure during the present session of the legislature, was born in Ohio, just at the close of the war.

A bill compelling clerks of the cities of the first-class to keep a journal of council proceedings is now waiting on the governor's signature.

The appointment of Rosenbaum was a mistake. It was recognized as such shortly after it was made, and should have been rectified at once.

The largest part of the big pipe organ of the Oklahoma City Baptist church, the lungs, weighs 2,500 pounds, and it took sixteen men to lift it into place.

There will probably be such a tangle before the legislature adjourns that the last few days will be disorderly and loss of things which would be defeated otherwise will slip through.

Dr. Vandervoort of Guthrie picked up a young boy who was cold and hungry and took him to his home. The boy walked off with \$125 worth of property and has been arrested.

The fellows who say that Will Little is a farmer do not know what they are talking about. Bill is one of the best farmers in Oklahoma, and will be planting trees on the graves of his slenderers forty years hence.

Oklahoma City Oklahoman: Yesterday in police court appeared the spectacle of a man owning 230 acres of the best land in Oklahoma, answering to the charge of vagrancy. The man is an Indian and his name is J. B. Frensham. For the past six weeks he has loafed about saloons and gambling halls, and apparently, and in fact, had no visible means of support.

The police have been instructed to arrest every loafer about saloons and gambling houses, the effect to be to rid the city of questionable characters. The Indian was among the number. In police court last evening he proved that he had 230 acres of land on Little river, in Pottawatomie county, and had a regular income. Of course, the prisoner was discharged.

Along the Kansas Nile.

Cy Leland is said to be one of the three richest men in Kansas.

When we get at Spring in Kansas this year we will appreciate it.

Sixteen days of continuous snow on the roof of Kansas. Get out your life preservers.

No man in the state is better feeding a gubernatorial ambition more zealously than Webb McCall.

Mrs. Anna Buermann of Lawrence, who killed her husband, has been acquitted of murder. She is insane.

McCall has collected \$15,000 from the insurance companies under the special session law taxing foreign companies.

C. H. Ridgway of Topeka will be assistant superintendent of insurance under Church, Governor Stanley selecting him.

Something has happened to Andy Richards' partisan stances at Wellington, and he is in danger of jumping the track.

I. G. Kohn of Marion is looking over the Atchison Champion. If he purchases it he will turn it into a Democratic paper.

Charles Scott of Topeka has dropped his vice down and has sailed into the defense of Kipling and "White Man's Burden."

It is hard to realize that in Manila the Kansas boys are nightly sleeping covered with glory and are yet kicking on the oppressive heat.

Miss Vesta McCurdy of Hutchinson was engaged to Lieutenant Alvord, killed at Manila. Miss McCurdy is now with Alvord's parents at Lawrence.

It is becoming a positive distinction to be an unknown in Kansas. Had Stanley lived in Gray's time all the people of Shaka Pools would have got notice.

Ed Howe sizes up the procedure of partisanship this way: "The Republicans endorse everything that is Republican; the Democrats abuse everything that is not Democratic."

Governor Stanley has named three of the regents of the University, to succeed themselves—Frank Crowell of Atchison, Charles Scott of Topeka, and J. W. Fennay of Sumner county.

Emil Ammon of Preston predicted long ago that this would be a hard winter because the melts in the boys are all placed big and backward. This is a sure and infallible sign.

When General Grimes finds that Fred Funtston has been fighting the insurgents in the Philippines he will probably cut off the pay coming to him from the Cuban army, pay furnished by the United States.

Tom Anderson of Topeka will soon introduce a resolution, really has it prepared, that whereas the Seventh district is the state, resolved that Shawnee county be attached to Missouri for judicial and political purposes.

Mark of Jefferson was elected to the legislature by one vote, cast by a volunteer named Gillman, in Manila. Gillman was wounded this week and has been twice missed in the firing air to coincide with Gillman's mother.

A story is going the rounds of the Kansas press to this effect: That twelve years ago a boy was hit with a brick and thereafter for twelve years knew nothing. An operation then being performed, he suddenly recovered and yelled: "Guch. Who threw that brick?"

Emperora Gazette: There was a rumor on the street this morning that a man had heard that a farmer had killed a deer near his place, north of Iowa. He told where he heard it. Five places were visited before the facts were ascertained, but it was a dull day and the reporter kept chasing till he found that Wm. Austin, who lives just across the bridge over the Neosho river, had a herd of deer. He brought several a few years ago and stored them there has been some increase in the herd. He decided to have some venison, and so threw a man to come and get one of the bucks. This was done. The man was the wild deer that had caused the talk around town and wanted all the hunters. Mr. Austin's deer was the way, is one of the best in the state. He has now two bucks, an old one and a young one.

Geo. Innes & Co.

For Today

Eastman's Violet Cold Cream, in china boxes, at 10c a box.

Children's All Wool Leggings

About 75 pair left; black and colors, in all sizes, at 15c; values from 40c to 65c.

Fulton Leads—Others Try to Follow.

Zero Weather

Which has prevailed for the past few weeks has made our BELOW ZERO prices doubly attractive. There have been ALL KINDS OF SALES clamoring for recognition, and buyers who have made COMPARISONS unanimously give us credit for

Giving the Very Best Values in this City!

This is the reputation we have justly earned, and we mean to maintain it every day in the year.

The secret of our always bright and fresh stock is that we carry no goods over from season to season, and therefore just now we state more emphatically than ever that we believe the people of this city and the southwest have never had an opportunity to buy

Winter Clothing, Overcoats, Underwear, Caps and Gloves,

at the extremely low prices we are offering them today. "History repeats itself," but it will probably be a long time before our present offerings are repeated, and what you buy here has Fulton's guarantee back of it—satisfaction or your money cheerfully refunded.

C. R. FULTON,

Wichita's Greatest Clothing Store.

Phone 211. 130 North Main.

VIM VIGOR VITALITY FOR MEN

Mormon Bishop Pills have been used and praised by the leaders of the Mormon Church and have been found to be of great benefit to the weak and feeble, the nervous and the debilitated, the young and the old, the healthy and the sick, the strong and the weak, the rich and the poor, the high and the low, the noble and the base, the virtuous and the vicious, the pure and the impure, the clean and the dirty, the honest and the dishonest, the true and the false, the good and the bad, the right and the wrong, the just and the unjust, the fair and the unfair, the kind and the unkind, the gentle and the harsh, the soft and the hard, the sweet and the sour, the bitter and the sweet, the light and the dark, the bright and the dim, the clear and the cloudy, the calm and the stormy, the still and the noisy, the quiet and the loud, the slow and the fast, the easy and the hard, the simple and the complex, the plain and the ornate, the common and the rare, the ordinary and the extraordinary, the usual 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